

Occupational Hazard

Joe's a vendor at the Forum. He's at all the big ones -- Wilt against Jabbar, the Kings versus Bobby Orr, Frazier stalking Ali --

but he never sees head-on a Jerry West steal and drive, an Esposito save, or a Peggy Fleming thigh. His back's always turned to the main event.

True, he can cull the stats from the morning Times but his job's affecting the rest of his life. At the dinner table he eats over his shoulder. At the movies he sits with his back to the screen. While his wife says it's added mystery to their sex life, she understandably won't let him drive the car. No one can sneak up on him from behind, but he's woefully vulnerable from the front.

if you answer "yes" to more than three

rickie is a friend of mine. about thirty, he's never had a job. this doesn't bother him except for the guilt he feels about not feeling guilty. recently, however, he learned about others not so unbeset, and decided to lend a helping hand. he formed his own AA -- Ambitions Anonymous.

now anytime a happy hippie/hobo feels the urge to shine his shoe or any of a thousand snake-like symptoms that could turn to job he can hurry up dial rickie who promises if not instant at least lasting relief from any and all success anxieties:

don't panic,

smoke a number, watch TV, take a nap, a red;
let's drink some beer, shoot some pool.

no one is as effective as he who teaches by example and has a firm belief in his calling.